THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 10, 1803.

Deſcription of the Interior of Buckingham Houſe.

THE following is a deſcription of the interior of this palace, which may be conſidered as the only town reſidence of their majeſties, St. James's being merely uſed as a place of audience and for purpoſes of ſtate.

The hall of entrance is upon a ſcale ſuitable to the dignity and ſpaciouſneſs of the dwelling, which is ſo amply ſtored with the fineſt paintings, that the walls even of this apartment are covered with them. Views of cities in Italy, eſpecially thoſe by Canaletti, prevail here. The pavement is of white and dark coloured marble. Three very large and ſuperb lanterns, in the faſhion of forty or fifty years ſince, hang from the ceiling. Eight lamps in glaſſes are placed on carved pedeſtals, very well painted in imitation of bronze. The ſtory of Æneas and Dido covers the walls of the ſtaircaſe.

On the landing place of the chief floor, without any anteroom, opens the door of what is called the Japan-room, in which their majeſties and the princeſſes breakfaſt. Here are the comforts of a family room, with the grandeur and ſome of the ornaments of a palace. Three large paintings occupy three of the compartments, and, with ſeveral others, leave not much place for the curious Japan lining, from which the room takes its name. Vandyke is the favourite maſter here, and perhaps it is not too much to call theſe three lofty pictures his beſt works. That neareſt the fire-place repreſents Charles the Firſt, Henrietta Maria, and their family, all in whole length. The next is the portrait of Charles the Firſt, on horſeback, with a page on foot. The third is the duke of Alva on horſeback. A time piece occupies the centre of a beautiful marble chimney-piece. The curtains are velvet, painted by the Princeſs Elizabeth, in ſhades of brown and maroon, in imitation of our velvet. Here the

elegance of the furniture ends. The tables and chairs are of a very plain and old fashion.

The cold and hard-rubbed floor is without a carpet, a luxury of which his majesty deprives himself in almost every apartment, from the opinion that carpets, and other means of great warmth, are injurious to health. Many of his subjects would find this deficiency very lamentable, if they were to pass a day at Buckingham House. A piano-forte is on one side of the room; a large organ completely fills up a compartment by the fire place. Several little stands of the height of a table, to hold a breakfast cup or a work-bag, are placed in the corners. From this apartment extends a suite of rooms, along the whole back front of the house, all nearly covered with the finest pictures, which have, however, been so often described, that we shall not notice them individually. Rubens, Vandyke, and Claude, are the chief masters.

In every room the encouragement given by his majesty to ingenious constructors of time pieces is apparent, and the king's fondness for their art may be well accounted for by his known punctuality; in which probably none of his servants or subjects ever equalled him. We do not recollect that there is one room without a clock; certainly several have two or three. There are at least fifty in the house; all constantly wound up, according to their periods, by a trusty servant, and all in such correctness, that a difference of half a minute cannot be found amongst them. Weather glasses of different sizes and constructions also occur frequently, and their indices correspond almost as well as the hands of the clocks.

On this western side of the house are the king and queen's warm rooms; apartments so called because they have the distinction of carpets, of which there are only four in the whole house, though not less than twenty of the rooms are in frequent use by the royal family; the others are in the dining-room and queen's bed-room, but none of these completely over the floor.

The furniture of this suite of apartments is otherwise extremely remarkable, and for the very qualities opposite to those that might be expected. Instead of being magnificent, elegant, or fashionable, it is the very plainest form into which good materials can be worked; and even the materials are not always so conspicuously good, seldom so beautiful as would be required in the houses of many opulent individuals. And yet, though old enough to be far out of any late taste, it bears no stamp of a venerable antiquity. The damask of the curtains and chairs is much faded; the mahogany of the latter is not beautiful; it is even so dull, that it much resembles walnut; and the latter are made with curving legs and clump, or rather knob feet not well carved. The tables are of a similar fashion.

Several

Several old and very plain armoires and eſcrutoires encumber the rooms. The appearance of the whole is very ſtriking to a viſitor, if he has been inſpecting any of the magnificent dwellings, called the ſhew houſes of our opulent nobility, and has had his eye accuſtomed to gold mouldings, ſatin-lined compartments, ſtately mirrors, and vivid carpets. It would indeed be a leſſon to the extravagance of the age to ſee this houſe. Amidſt the utmoſt abundance of things juſtly valuable, of gratifications for an intelligent mind and a ſolid taſte, of books, pictures, maps, and inſtruments, purchaſed with a liberality truly royal, the king of England and his numerous family, ſcarcely more elevated in rank than in their accompliſhments, content themſelves with ſuch other furniture in their more domeſtic apartments as many an opulent tradeſman would certainly not envy. Now that ſolid value and real uſe in matters of this ſort are deſpiſed, and nothing valued but ſhew and faſhion, for the ſake of which fortunes are waſted and convenience ſacrificed, it may be beneficial to many individuals to ſee, or at leaſt to know, how much more eaſily their ſovereign is ſatisfied.

MR. DANIEL'S ACCOUNT *of the* MARTIN.

IT is the moſt beautiful, and the moſt deſtructive to pheaſants, of the Britiſh beaſts of prey; the martin is about eighteen inches long, the tail ten, or if meaſured to the end of the hair at the point, where it is alſo the thickeſt and darkeſt, twelve inches; the head is ſmall, and elegantly ſhaped, the eyes are lively, and all its motions agile and graceful; the ears are broad, rounded, and open; the back, ſides, and tail, are covered with a fine thick aſh-colour down at bottom, with a long hair intermixed, of a bright chefnut, tipt with black, giving a darkiſh brown appearance to the whole; the head brown, with a ſlight caſt of red, the legs and upper ſide of the feet chocolate, the under ſides are covered with ſimilar thick down, to the body; the feet are broad, the claws white, large, and ſharp, but incapable of being at pleaſure ſheathed or dilated; they are well ſuited for climbing trees, in which in this country it conſtantly reſides; the throat and breaſt are white, the belly of the ſame colour with the back, except being rather paler; but martins vary in their colours, inclining more or leſs to aſh-colour, according to their age or the ſeaſons of the year they are taken in.

The ſkin and excrements of this animal have an agreeable muſky ſcent, and are free from that diſtinguiſhed rankneſs which diſtinguiſhes the other ſpecies of this genus, as the polecat, &c. the fur is valuable, and much uſed to line or trim the gowns of magiſtrates, aldermen, &c. The martin lives in the woods, and in winter very often ſhelter itſelf in magpies' neſts, breeds in

the hollows of trees, and brings from four to ſix young ones at a time: they are brought forth with their eyes unopened, but quickly arrive at a ſtate of perfection; the female has but a ſmall quantity of milk in proportion to her ſize, but ſhe amply compenſates for this natural defect, by bringing home eggs and live birds to her offſpring, thus early habituating them to a life of carnage and plunder; ſo ſoon as the young are able to leave the neſt, they are led by the dam through the woods, where the birds at once recognize their enemies, and fail not to attend them, as they do the fox, with every mark of animoſity and terror. When taken young, the martin is eaſily tamed, is extremely playful and good humoured; its attachment however is not to be relied on if it gets looſe, for it will immediately take advantage of its liberty, and retire to the woods, its natural haunts. A farmer in the pariſh of Terling, in Eſſex, was famous for taming this animal, and had ſeldom leſs than two. Some years ſince, one uſed to run tame about the kitchen of the Bald-faced Stag Inn, on Epping Foreſt.

M. Buffon affirms of a martin that he had tamed (it ſhould ſeem but imperfectly), that it drank frequently, ſometimes ſlept two days ſucceſſively, at other times continued as long awake; when preparing for ſleep, it folded itſelf round, covering its head with its tail. He deſcribes its motions as ſo violent, inceſſant, and troubleſome, that it was neceſſarily kept chained. After eſcaping from its fetters, and returning once or twice, it at laſt went entirely away.

The pine martin, (whoſe ſkins are conſidered of a far ſuperior quality to the common,) which is diſtinguiſhed by a yellow throat and breaſt, and of which ſuch numbers are ſold at the Hudſon's Bay Company's ſales (at one of which 12,370 good ſkins, and 2360 damaged ones were ſold, and about the ſame time the French brought into the port of Rochelle, from Canada, no leſs than 30,325 ſkins;) is ſometimes found in Wales, in the counties of Merioneth and Carnarvon, and in Scotland it is the only kind of martin, where it inhabits the fir foreſts, frequently uſurping the drays, or neſt of the ſquirrel, building its own neſt at the top of the trees, and produces ſeven or eight young at a birth.

The martin's food is poultry, game, and ſmall birds; it will eat mice, rats, and moles, and is ſaid to feed alſo on grain, and to be exceedingly fond of honey. It is ſaid to be a great enemy to cats, and will even attack the wild cat, which, although much ſtronger, is always worſted, and often killed in the combat, and a conteſt is ſure to take place whenever they meet.

The ſcent of the martin is very ſweet to hounds, and it is the beſt animal to enter young fox-hounds at. The martin, by running the thickeſt buſhes it can find, teaches hounds to run cover, which is of infinite ſervice to them; when cloſely purſued it climbs

climbs a tree, and its agility is aſtoniſhing, for though it falls frequently from a tree into the midſt of a pack of hounds, each intent on catching it, the inſtances are very few of a martin's being caught by them in that ſituation.

PAMROSE; *or, the* PALACE *and the* COT.

(Continued from Page 10.*)*

THERE were only two ſeats in the carriage, and theſe the princeſs and Pamroſe occupied; the prince mounted the driving-box, and ſet off very faſt, without waiting for the pages, or calling the footmen. Scarcely was he out of the palace, when the horſes began to grow unruly: and Pamroſe, who was very timid, could not conceal her apprehenſions. The prince, however, aſſured her, that there were no horſes on earth but what might be tamed; ſaying which, he roſe in his ſeat, and flouriſhing his whip, gave the horſes a furious cut. They immediately kicked ſo violently, and reared ſo very high, that the prince, who was ſtanding up, loſt his equilibrium, and was thrown from the carriage. Amelia ſent forth a piercing ſhriek; and, at the ſame inſtant, the horſes ſet off full ſpeed, without their driver, along the bank of the Rhine, which led to the Rock of Hoſpitality; and, as they ran with inconceiveable rapidity, they grazed the very edge of the cauſeway, on the ſide toward the river.

Amelia and Pamroſe, equally terrified, and locked in each other's arms, expected every moment that death which appeared inevitable; when, ſuddenly, about thirty paces from the rock, a man threw himſelf at the head of the horſes; and, with a powerful arm, ſeizing them by the curb, ſtopped them: at the ſame time, crying out—"Pamroſe, alight!—Alight, princeſs!" Pamroſe, with tranſport, recognized the voice of her deliverer: it was William whom ſhe heard. She now collected her ſcattered ſenſes; opened the door; and, ſupporting the ſinking Amelia, deſcended with her from the carriage: ſhowering bleſſings on her William, and returning thanks to Heaven! Amelia ſat down on the ſeat of the rock; and, with a feeble voice, cried out—"My ſon! my ſon! O what is become of him?" At theſe words ſhe became inſenſible. Pamroſe, bathed in tears, received her in her arms, and called to William; who, after having tied the horſes to two trees, ſo that they might not eſcape, came and threw himſelf at the feet of Pamroſe: happy at continuing in this attitude, under the pretext of aſſiſting the princeſs; whoſe head he ſupported, while Pamroſe applied the ſalts. This young women, for the firſt time in her life, beheld a perſon faint away; and her affright was as extreme as her aſtoniſhment

niſhment and grief. "O God!" ſhe cried, "the paleneſs of death is on her face, ſhe breathes not! And muſt I, then, loſe her? Ah! muſt I behold my benefactreſs die here, on the very ſpot where ſhe reſtored me to life?" Amelia, however, opened her eyes once more; and her firſt inquiry was for her ſon, juſt as he was coming up toward them. He limped a little, having been a good deal ſhaken by his fall; but he was not dangerouſly hurt, eſcaping with a conſiderable jar, and two or three ſevere bruiſes. Amelia, at ſight of him, expreſſed her joy in the moſt lively tranſports; embraced Pamroſe a thouſand times; and thanked William with the moſt expreſſive earneſtneſs, calling him her deliverer.

The prince, who ſtood by, grew weary, or rather jealous, of all theſe praiſes, laviſhed by his mother and Pamroſe on this young man; he, therefore, abruptly interrupted his mother, to aſk her whether ſhe would return on foot to the palace. The princeſs anſwered, that ſhe was ſo exceſſively weak, it was altogether impoſſible for her to walk. William offered to go, and procure another carriage, with different horſes. His offer being accepted, he left them, ſaying, that he would very ſoon return. Then flying towards the coach, he mounted the box: and ſtanding up, in the manner of the Holſtein peaſants, in the moſt graceful manner in the world, gathered up the reins; and fearleſs of the *untamed* ſpirit of the prince's ſteeds, ſet off at full gallop. The prince, mortified at his boldneſs, and more eſpecially at his ſkill, cried out to him, to leave the carriage where it was; but William, not ſeeming to hear him, purſued his way. Pamroſe followed him with her eyes, with a kind of mingled exultation and alarm. Amelia ſpoke highly in his praiſe: while Pamroſe liſtened to all ſhe ſaid, with the tendereſt attention; and, as ſoon as the princeſs ceaſed, ſhe kiſſed her hands, as if to thank her for the juſtice ſhe had done William. Though the prince poſſeſſed no great ſhare of penetration, this inſtance of the natural ſimplicity of Pamroſe did not eſcape his obſervance, and it was with the greateſt indignation that he diſcovered William to be his rival.

The carriage now arrived, and the party returned to the palace. Frederic, who had not yet given his love-letter to Pamroſe, did not conſider it proper to deliver it on that day; beſides, he was anxious to conſult his confident on the ſubject of his jealouſy. He was quite caſt down, when he came to the baron: but the latter laughing at his fears of ſo low a rivalſhip, the prince again took courage; and, the next day, Pamroſe received the letter. She was offended; and carried it, immediately, to her benefactreſs, When the latter had read, it ſhe directly acquainted Pamroſe, that ſhe had formed a plan for eſtabliſhing her very advantageouſly in the world. "The Count De***," purſued ſhe, "loves you; he is ſix-and-thirty, of an

amiable diſpoſition, enjoys a princely fortune, and is eager to make you his wife. This is a ſecret, however, which he has imparted to no one but myſelf; and it was agreed between us, that this marriage ſhould take place in about a year: but the folly of my ſon obliges me to haſten it. Go, therefore, to-morrow, to your father, my dear Pamroſe; acquaint him with this good fortune; and aſk his conſent. I imagine," added the princeſs, with a ſmile, "he will not refuſe it. Tell him, that the count will give him a ſmall farm, and a handſome country-houſe, near the caſtle; where you will, every year, paſs ſeven or eight months of your time, that you may not be ſeparated from your worthy parent, who is ſo deſervedly dear to you."

While the princeſs was ſpeaking, Pamroſe, diſtreſſed and trembling, could not reſtrain her tears: ſhe made no anſwer; and, the next day, ſet off for the cottage. When ſhe was alone with her father, ſhe related to him every thing that had paſſed between her and the princeſs. "Well," ſaid he, when ſhe had done ſpeaking; "well, my daughter, what do you think of theſe propoſals yourſelf?" At this queſtion, Pamroſe bluſhed, and caſt down her eyes. "Are you ambitious?" aſked Herman. "No, my father," replied Pamroſe; "and I feel that this marriage will never advance my felicity." At theſe words, the worthy Herman embraced his daughter with rapture. "O my child," he exclaimed, "you know not how happy you have made me! But do not ſuppoſe that, in refuſing this great connection, you make any conſiderable ſacrifice: if you were to accept it, how many diſguſts, how many humiliations, would follow in the train of all this falſe grandeur! you would quit a family of which you are the pride, and would connect yourſelf with new relations, who would bluſh to own your's: with them you would always be the loweſt of your rank; but in that claſs in which nature has placed you, your virtues, your graces, and your moderation, muſt always give you pre-eminence. Beſides all this you give up, in one caſe, the vanity and all the falſe and childiſh enjoyments of luxury and frivolity; but, in the other, you will preſerve to yourſelf every real good: peace, friendſhip, plenty, a convenient habitation, fertile fields, a pleaſant orchard, and odoriferous flowers, all are your's. Wear, for ever, my Pamroſe, that lowly habit; and plight your faith to him, alone, who will receive it with tranſport and gratitude; him, whoſe good qualities and diſpoſition you are well acquainted with." Here Herman ſtopped; while Pamroſe, much affected, and looking up in his face, with her eyes moiſtened with tears, ſeemed to wait for his pronouncing *a name* which had not yet paſſed his lips. "Well, my good father!" ſaid ſhe, bluſhing—"Shall I," demanded Herman, "call William hither?"—"O no."—"But, tell me, have you not divined what conſtitutes both his and my wiſh?"—"O my dear, my tender father!"—

"Do

" Do you hear me with pleaſure, when I tell you, that I have formed this wiſh from your infancy ?"—" My father, diſpoſe of your daughter as you pleaſe." At theſe words Herman roſe, and left the room inſtantly : but ſoon returned, leading in William, who was loſt in extacy and wonder at his happy fortune. He fell at her feet; and, in tears, gave vent to the joy which choaked his utterance. It was then decided, that the enraptured William ſhould receive the hand of Pamroſe within a month ; but that not a word ſhould be ſaid about this engagement till the approbation of the princeſs ſhould be obtained.

Pamroſe returned to the palace ; and, after having put on her other cloaths, ſhe viewed, once more, the elegant apartments, and all the accompaniments of magnificence and grandeur. She felt a diſagreeable ſenſation riſing in her breaſt, that very much reſembled regret: ſhe was alarmed at it, for ſhe did not conceive it poſſible for her to deſire what ſhe did not eſteem. She was ignorant, that theſe wandering deviations of thought aroſe not from the heart, but had their ſource in the imagination only. No ſooner, however, did William and her father recur to her mind, than this diſcomfiting impreſſion fled. She then proceeded to examine her heart, thoroughly, and there found thoſe ſentiments which at once reſtored her to tranquillity, The princeſs expreſſed much anxiety, to learn what anſwer Herman had given to her propoſals : and it was not without ſome embarraſſment Pamroſe told her, that her father did not acquieſce in them. Amelia's ſurpriſe was beyond deſcription. " Herman, then, muſt have loſt his ſenſes !" cried ſhe, " But do not make yourſelf unhappy about it, my dear girl : I will go, to-morrow, and ſpeak to him myſelf on the ſubject ; and———" " O Madam, he is irrevocably fixed !"—" No, it cannot be : what, I wonder, would he wiſh for more ?"—" A ſon-in-law according to his own wiſhes ; and, permit me to add, one who is, at the ſame time, the object of mine. Pray, who, then, have you fixed on ?"—" He who ſaved the life of my benefactreſs."—" William ?"—" Yes, it is he whom I love."—" And you prefer William to the Count De *** ?"—" William is my father's choice."—" And your own, too, I ſuppoſe ?"—" He is, if it be allowed me to decide for myſelf." At this formal avowal Amelia was very much hurt ; and, for a moment, made no anſwer, At length, reſuming the ſubject—" I muſt own," ſaid ſhe, " I had flattered myſelf, that I ſhould have inſpired you with much nobler thoughts ; and that I ſhould not have beſtowed ſo diſtinguiſhed an education on you, in order to replace you in the ſame humble ſituation of life from which I firſt took you."—" Ah, Madam," exclaimed Pamroſe, " your bounty ſhall not be loſt ! Pamroſe will be always innocent, always grateful. The accompliſhments which you have beſtowed on me, will not, it is true, ſhine forth in the world ; but they will give

a charm to my retirement; they will not, however, excite envy; but I ſhall enjoy happineſs without inſpiring hate. Deign alſo to reflect, that I ſhall always live near you; and that the ſplendour of rank and fortune can never ſeduce the heart which your excellency has formed."—"Enough, Pamroſe," replied the princeſs, with a ſoftened accent: "reflect, however, before you decide; and, within a week, bring me your final anſwer."

Amelia, from a ſentiment of vanity, too natural to the minds of the great, paſſionately deſired, that her young favourite ſhould form a ſplendid alliance; ſtill, however, ſhe could not but ſecretly admire the reſolution which overthrew her projects. She poſſeſſed too juſt a way of thinking, not to perceive that, on reflection, true grandeur conſiſts in the contempt of wealthy connection: and that a perſon of common principles would joyfully have accepted the fortune which Pamroſe diſdained. This was much for a princeſs to allow; but Amelia did not the leſs anxiouſly wiſh to behold Pamroſe the wife of ſome great man.

(To be continued.)

Aſcerbi's Account of the Dreſs of the Laplanders.

THE cap worn by this people is of a conical ſhape, and generally made of red kerſey cloth, and formed of four pieces broader at bottom than at the top, where they meet in a point: between the joinings of the four pieces a ſtripe of yellow kerſey is ſewed, marking the diviſions; and to the top of the cap is fixed a taſſel of ſhreds of different coloured cloth. The lower part of the cap has a border of otter's ſkin; but the Ruſſian Laplander trims his, in a more expenſive way, with ermine.

The tunick, or cloſe garment, is called a *tork*, and is made of ſheep's ſkin, with the wool on, the woolly ſide being inward: it has a high collar, made ſtiff with kerſey, or other cloth, neatly worked with different coloured threads, and extending a little way down the boſom. On the left ſide, in front, is ſewed a narrow ſtripe or border of cloth or fur; and on the right, eſpecially on the woman's tunick, ſmall ſilver knobs gilt: the cuffs of the ſleeve are likewiſe covered with a border of kerſey, or other cloth, edged with otter's ſkin: a border of the like kind with that round the breaſt and cuffs of the ſleeve is ſewed about the bottom; and as the woolly ſide of the ſkin is turned inward, the wool from within is ſeen hanging below the border. This garment is worn by the Laplander next his ſkin, inſtead of a ſhirt.

Over this they wear a coat of kerſey, or ſome ſuch coarſe cloth, or of the ſkin of the rein-deer, of a grey colour, with a ſtiff collar worked with threads of different colours. On each ſhoulder is a kind of band or epaulette, cut in different forms,

and of the ſame ſtuff. The lower extremity of this coat is worked in figures, with various coloured threads. The collar, the opening at the breaſt, and the ſhoulder band, are all formed of ſlips of various coloured cloths, and worked with threads of different hues: the cuffs of the ſleeve are ornamented in the ſame manner; the bottom of the coat has likewiſe a border extending round it, and of a different colour; for example, if the coat be of red kerſey, the border is yellow, green, or white. The Laplander has no pocket to his upper coat, but inſtead thereof carries a little bag hanging over his breaſt, in which he puts his implements for lighting a fire, which he is never without, and other things of conſtant uſe; and this bag he calls his *nieuſah-gierdo*.

To protect them from the ſeverity of the cold and rain, they wear an upper coat of the ſkin of the rein-deer, with the hair on the outſide. Inſtead of ſtockings, they wear pantaloons made of kerſey or coarſe cloth. Their gloves and ſhoes are made from the hide of the rein-deer.

The articles of dreſs are the ſole labour of the women, the men in Lapland undertaking the economy of the houſe, in cooking, and in other matters, which in other countries are performed by women; differing in this from the reſt of the world. Several utenſils of wood are alſo made by the women, and the beſt ſculptures of Lapland are the workmanſhip of the female ſex.

Sketch of LONDON FASHIONS.

Full Lengths.

ROBE of blue ſatin, with a drapery of white lace, which is faſtened on the right ſide and paſſes round the front. The body quite plain. A full piece of lace joining the drapery is faſtened to the left ſhoulder, whence it is drawn acroſs the boſom. White ſleeves made full. A round and full turban of white lace, ornamented with oſtrich feathers.

Opera dreſs of ſcarlet velvet, trimmed round with ſwan's-down: turban ſleeve of white ſatin. Cap of ſcarlet velvet, with a plume of oſtrich feathers in front.

Half Lengths.

Dreſs hat of ſcarlet velvet ornamented with oſtrich feathers. A Pariſian ſhawl, placed ſo as to ſhew the moſt faſhionable manner of wearing it.

Cap made of a half handkerchief of lace, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers; the ends of the handkerchief tied under the chin. A ſhort robe of muſlin, with a lace tucker drawn round the boſom.

Turban

Turban of white muſlin, finiſhed with a bow, and a long end on the right ſide, and ornamented with a white flower in front. White muſlin dreſs, with a drapery of fine kerſeymere. Silver bear muff.

Pelice of dark ſilk, made with a high collar and lined with crimſon. White waiſtcoat buttoned cloſe over the boſom. Bonnet of velvet and ribbon, with ſcarlet and black feathers in front. Bear muff.

Lebrun's new hat of velvet, and ſtraw beads. Short cloak of kerſeymere, embroidered with Egyptian brown.

General Observations.

The prevailing colours are Egyptian brown, green, crimſon, and amber. Caps or turbans, are, at this time, univerſally adopted; the latter ornamented with plumes of white or mixed feathers. In pelices, ſilk has given place to kerſeymeres. Straw hats are ſtill worn, lined with velvet.

Extracts from the earlieſt Engliſh Book on Hunting.

"ABOUT the year 1481," ſays Mr. Warton, "Julian Barnes, more properly Berners, ſiſter of Richard Lord Berners, and prioreſs of the nunnery of Sopewell, wrote three Engliſh tracts on hunting, hawking, and armory, or heraldry, which were ſoon afterwards printed in the neighbouring monaſtery of St. Albans. This very ſcarce book, printed in various inks, was in the late Mr. Weſt's library."

From another edition of this book, printed by Wynken de Worde, in 1496, Mr. Herbert has given ſome entertaining extracts. The treatiſe on hunting is introduced thus: "Lykewyſe as in the boke of hawkynge aforeſayde are wrytten and noted the termys of playſure belongynge to gentylmen, havynge delyte therein, in the ſame manere this boke folowynge ſhewyth to ſuch gentyll perſones the manere of huntynge for all manere of beſtys."

"The names of dyvers manere hounds

"Thyſe ben the names of houndes. Fyrſt there is a grehounde; a baſtard; a mengrell; a maſtiff; a lemor; a ſpanyel; raches kennetys; butchers houndes; dunhyll dogges; tryndeltaylles and prykeryd currys; and ſmale ladyes popees, that bere away the flees and dyvers ſmale fawtes."

"A grehounde ſhould be headed lyke a ſnake, and neckyd like a drake; fotyd like a catte, tayllyd lyke a ratte; ſyded lyke a teme, and chyned lyke a beme.

"The proprytees of a good horſe.

"A good horſe ſholde have xv good proprytees and condycions. That is to wyte, thre of a man, thre of a woman, thre of

a foxe, thre of a haare, and thre of an aſſe.—Of a man, bolde, prowde, and hardye. Of a woman, fayr-breſted, fayre of heere, and eaſy to move. Of a foxe, a fayr taylle, ſhort eeres, with a good trotte. Of an hare, a grete eye, a drye heed, and well renynge; of an aſſe, a bygge chynn, a flatte legge, and a good houe (hoof)."

But the moral and prudential maxims of Dame Julian are more remarkable, and it is probably in imitation of her, that books of ſports of later times have been interſperſed with ſuch remarks. The following are ſome of them:

"Aryſe erly; ſerve God devowtly, and the world beſily. Do thy werke wyſely—geve thyn almeſſe ſecretly; goo by the waye ſadly.* Anſwere the people demurely; goo to thy meet appetydely; ſytte thereat dyſcretly; of thy tonge be not to lyberally; aryſe therefrom temperatly. Goo to thy ſouper ſoberly, and to thy bed merely; be in thyne inn jocundly; pleaſe thy love duley, and ſlepe ſurely."

"Who that makyth † in Chriſtmas a dogge to his larder, and in Marche a ſowe to his gardyner, and in May a fole of a wyſe mannys counſell, he ſhall never have good lardyr, fayr gardyne, nor well kepte counſell."

"Ferre from thy kynneſman caſte the; wrath not thy neighbours next the; in a good corn countree threſte the, and ſytte down Robyn and reſte the."

"Two wyves in one hous, two cattys and one mous,
"Two dogges and one bone; thyſe never accorde in one."

"If a man lacke leche,‡ or medicyne, he ſhall make thre thynges his leche and medicyne. The fyrſt of them is a mery thought. The ſecond is labour not outrageous. The thyrde is dyete meaſurable. Fyrſt that if a man wyll ever more be in mery thoughtes and have a glad ſpyryte, he muſt eſchewe all contraryous company, and all places of debate where he myghte have any occaſions of malencholy. And yf he woll have a labour not outrageous, he muſt thenne ordeynne him to his hertys caſe and pleaſaunce, wythout ſtudye, penſyfneſſe, or traveyle, a mery occupacyon, whyche may rejoyce his herte, and in which his ſpyrytes may have a mery delyte. And yf he woll be dyeted meſurably he muſt eſchewe all places of ryotte, whyche is cauſe of ſurfette and ſykneſſe. And he muſt drawe him to places of ſwete ayre and hungry. And ete nouriſhable meetes and dyffyable alſo."

Of

* Without oſtentation.—† Taketh.—‡ Phyſic. Phyſician.

Of friendſhip ſhe writes as follows :

" A faythfull frende wolde I fayne fynde,
" To fynde him there he myghte be founde;
" But now is the worlde wext ſo unkynde
" That frenſhip is fallen to the grounde.
" Now a frende I have founde,
" That I woll nother banne, ne curſe,
" But of all frendes in felde, or toune,
" Ever gramercy myn own purſe.
" It fell by me upon a tyme,
" As it hath by many one mo,§
" My horſe, my nete, my ſhepe, my ſwyne,
" And all my goodes, they fell me fro;
" I went to my frendes and told them ſo,
" And home again they bade me truſſe;
" I ſaid again, when I was wo,
" Ever gramercy myn own purſe!
" Thefore I rede you, fyres all,
" To aſſay your frendes, or you have nede,
" For and you come down and have a fall,
" Full fewe of theym for you woll grede.*
" Therefore aſſay them everychone
" Both the better and the worſe;
" Our Lorde, that ſhope both ſonne and mone,
" Send us ſpendynge in our purſe."

§ More.—* Lament. Feel.

Account of the Patent of Mr. Joſeph Fryer, (of York), for a Machine for the Purpoſe of cutting, dreſſing and finiſhing Woollen Cloth.

THIS machine is applicable to the cutting, &c. the ſhag, fur, or pile, from all kinds of cloth or woven fabrications which require the ſame, made of woollen or worſted yarn, down, ſilk, hair, cotton, or linen, uſed for wearing apparel, in a more expeditious manner than has been hitherto accompliſhed. It is not poſſible to deſcribe the parts of this machine, ſo as to make it intelligible to the general reader without the aſſiſtance of plates.

After the cloth has undergone the operation of ſhearing, it is, in its deſcent to a cylinder, expoſed to a current of ſteam, thrown out from a horizontal tube with a number of apertures, ſo as to give it ſoftneſs and pliability; a bruſhing cylinder is next made to move againſt it, by which the remaining wool or fur is laid in one direction. It then paſſes between two poliſhed metal,

metal, hollow cylinders, kept hot by the admiſſion of ſteam or otherwiſe, which preſs it firmly, and diſſipate all the water imbibed from the ſteam.

The ſteam employed is procured either from a boiler, kept hot for the purpoſe, or from a ſmall ſteam-engine, of peculiar conſtruction, made uſe of for working the machine.

The ſimplicity of the ſteam-engine merits a deſcription here. A piſton is alternately preſſed upwards and downwards, by means of elaſtic ſteam, in a cylinder cloſed at both ends, with a wadded hole for the piſton-rod to move through, which gives motion to a crank and fly, or balance-wheel. Inſtead of condenſing the ſteam, as in other engines, it is, in this, ſuffered to eſcape, after it has forced the piſton, in either direction, to the end of the cylinder; it is then conducted through proper veſſels, to ſoften the cloth, and heat the preſſing cylinders, or made uſe of for any other purpoſe where heat is required, ſuch as heating drying-houſes, ſtoves, hot-houſes, &c.

Remarks by the Patentee.—This mode of finiſhing cloth gives it a much handſomer appearance, and renders it more durable in wearing, than thoſe finiſhed in a common way.

Deſcription of ſome Coloſſal Ruins in Egypt.

[From Kendal's Tranſlation of Denon's Travels.]

AFTER three quarters of an hour's march, Denon diſcovered, at the bottom of the bay, a little jut into the ſea, compoſed of coloſſal ruins. With extraordinary pleaſure, he inſtantly perceived a fragment of a hand, of which the firſt finger, fourteen inches in length, belonged to a ſtatue of thirty-ſix feet in height. The granite, the workmanſhip, and the ſtyle of this morſel, left him no doubt that it was a remain of the remoteſt ages of Egyptian hiſtory. By the attitude of this hand, by the fragments which lay near it, and by the mere habit of ſeeing Egyptian figures, of which the deſign has very little variety, he felt himſelf authoriſed to conclude that it had belonged to an Iſis, holding a milometer: it might have been eaſily brought away; but the change of place would have taken away almoſt all its value. Near this, ſeveral architectural members atteſted by their dimenſions that they had belonged to a large and beautiful edifice of the doric order. The waves have covered and raged againſt theſe ruins for many ages, but they are ſtill undefaced. More advanced into the ſea may be obſerved, among the fragments of the coloſſus, thoſe of a ſphinx, of which, as far as the madrepodes and ſhell-fiſh will permit a clear diſcernment, the head and fore legs are ſeparated from the trunk. It is of the ſtyle and chiſel of the Greeks; and the material is

not granite but a free-ſtone, reſembling white marble, and of a tranſparency which M. Denon had never ſeen in this ſubſtance in any other country than Egypt. Its proportions ſhowed it to have been from thirty to forty feet in length. At a further diſtance, among architectural ruins, reſembling thoſe already mentioned, there is another figure of Iſis, ſufficiently perfect to ſhow the attitude in which it ſtood. Its legs are broke, but the pieces lie at its ſide. This figure is in granite, and of the height of ten feet, This aſſemblage of fragments appear to have been thrown into the ſea, in order to form a pier, for the preſervation of an edifice now deſtroyed, but which, judging, from the traces it has left, muſt have been a bath, the ground-plan of which is cut in the rock. The parts which the ſea does not cover, ſerve to protect ſome heads of water, which are built round with brick.

At ſomething ſhort of a mile from this ſpot, returning inland, and drawing toward Alexandria, ſeveral foundations of brick are diſcovered; and though the plan cannot be made out, ſome fragments of very elaborate workmanſhip give reaſon to conclude, that they have made parts of important buildings. Near theſe, are found many Corinthian capitals, in marble too much worn to be meaſured, but which muſt have belonged to baſes of the ſame material, and ſhafts of apparently twenty inches diameter. Further on, a conſiderable number of fluted ſhafts of roſe-coloured granite, all of the ſame proportions and material, and laboured with the ſame care, are indubitable ruins of a large and ſuperb temple of the doric order. According to all that has been tranſmitted by Strabo, concerning this part of Egypt, according to all that M. Denon had juſt ſeen, and, as above deſcribed, and eſpecially the preſent fragments, he was convinced beyond a doubt, that theſe were the ruins of Canopus, and of its temple, built by the Greeks, of which the rites rivalled thoſe of Lampſacus: that miraculous temple in which the old recovered their youth, and the ſick their health. The bath adjoining was probably one of the means employed by the prieſts for the performance of theſe prodigies.

The Hamburghan Precautions againſt Fire.

[From Dr. Nugent's Travels through Germany.]

THEIR regulations in caſe of fire are excellent, and worthy of imitation. On the top of the higheſt churches they have two men, who watch every night in order to give an immediate alarm of fire; and he that firſt diſcovers it is particularly rewarded by the magiſtrates. He gives the ſignal by ſounding a trumpet, when all the watch in the town inſtantly aſſemble, till the

the guards can be got to keep off the mob. Hence it ſeldom happens that a fire ſpreads beyond the houſe where it firſt commences.

REFLECTIONS ON IT.

Fire is of ſuch a dangerous nature, its progreſs is ſo rapid, and attended with ſuch horrid conſequences, ſuch dreadful effects, that we cannot take too many precautions to prevent its baneful influences. The Hamburghers appear to be ſenſible of, and to be alive to, all the miſeries that muſt be occaſioned by the devaſtations of the ſpreading fire, the depredations of the infectious blaze, the deſtructive ravages of the preying flame; and, actuated by a dread of experiencing them, they not only ſet watchmen on the higheſt prominences, but endeavour to animate their vigilance, to ſtimulate them to diligence, by proffering a reward to that man who ſhall be the primary cauſe of ſtifling in its infancy that fire, which for want of an early attention, and an immediate aſſiſtance being paid to it, might become the deſtroyer of Hamburgh.

Every individual ſhould take into earneſt conſideration the conſequences attendant on the unreſiſted flame, and incident to fire if not inſtantly extinguiſhed; liberally contribute, and humanely ſubſcribe towards the ſuppreſſion of this, when predominating, inimical, but when ſubſervient, uſeful element;—this friend and enemy to man!

MARS.

St. Ives, December 9, 1802.

Anecdote of the Old Lady of Clackmannan.

From Stoddard's Remarks on Local Scenery and Manners in Scotland, vol. 2d. page 234.

TWO miles from Alloa is Clackmannan a miſerable village, which however aſſumes the dignity of a country town; it is ſituated on a hill, whoſe ſummit is crowned by the tower of Clackmannan, once the ſeat of the chief of the Bruces; this venerable pile which is going faſt to decay, forms from its ſituation a picturesque object, and commands a view no leſs admirable, From the top of the caſtle to which I climbed with difficulty, the proſpect appears moſt extenſive; but forms a more pleaſing picture from an adjoining row of trees, on the declivity called King's Scot Hill. Here a ſhort time ago lived the Old Lady of Clackmannan, no leſs remarkable for her wit and good humour, than for her economy and her jacobitiſm. On a very ſlender income, ſhe maintained much of the ſtate, and all the reſpectability of her anceſtors. She preſerved the ſword of King Robert Bruce, with which ſhe aſſumed the right of conferring knighthood; but when aſked, whether ſhe was of that monarch's

family, ſhe anſwered with much dignity, " King Robert was of my family."

INTERESTING TRIAL.

BERKELEY *v.* RICHARDSON.

MR. GARROW ſtated, that the plaintiff was proprietor of the Queen's-Head Tavern, at Iſlington; the defendant had formerly kept an old iron ſhop in the city, but having made a little money, was reſolved to quit the vulgar ſcene, and retire with his lady to Iſlington; no ſooner had he entered the purlieus of a faſhionable neighbourhood, but he became himſelf a man of faſhion; he now has ſeparated from his wife. But while they lived together at Iſlington, they found the air damp and raw, and no cordial agreed with his lady's health ſo well as a glaſs of brandy, or of pure native gin. This being the caſe, they became frequent cuſtomers to the plaintiff, whom they always forgot to pay, until at length the ſcore amounted to 28l. for which the plaintiff now brought his action.

Mr. Gibbs, on the part of the defendant, read an extract from an act of the 27th of the king, which enacts, " That no bill which is compoſed of debts contracted for ſpirituous liquors, to a ſmaller amount than ten ſhillings each time, ſhall be recoverable either in law or in equity." On this act he reſted his caſe, and would prove that moſt of the demand was compoſed of ſmall ſcores under ten ſhillings per time. Every part of the demand that was not circumſtanced in that manner they had tendered payment of, and had actually paid the money into court.

Mr. Garrow then objected, that the act only mentioned ſpirits, and was calculated to repreſs drunkenneſs in the lower orders; but did not extend to mixed liquors or to the punch, with which the defendant and his lady uſed to comfort and regale themſelves.

Lord Ellenborough ſaid, that principle would go too far. If publicans could evade the act, by diluting their ſpirits with water, he believed they would be found very ready to ſeize that mode of being ſafe.—The plaintiff was nonſuited.

BON MOT.

A Publican in Wapping, being accuſed a few days ſince by one of his cuſtomers with ſelling liquor ſhort of meaſure, denied the charge. This provoked the cuſtomer to ſuch a degree that he abuſed him at an unmerciful rate. " Hold, hold," cried Mrs. Boniface, who happened to be preſent, " ſtick to the good old rule, my friend: *meaſures*, and not *men*."

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The NEW YEAR.—*An* ODE.

AWAKE, my ſoul! take up the trembling lyre,
Attune each ſtring, and let thy joys appear;
In ſtrains ſymphonious, emulate the choir
Celeſtial, and gratefully acclaim
The new-born year.

Welcome! Welcome! infant ſtranger;
Recent boon of Him, who reigns
Throughout yon argent plains
Above;
The abode of love!
Yea, all the immeaſurable fields of ether:
The great, omnific Lord,
Whoſe ſov'reign, effective word,
Call'd into being the expanſe vaſt
Of nature's wide domains!

Obſequious to his will, in circles roll
The tuneful ſpheres;
And ceaſeleſs urge their rapid flight
Acroſs the ſhining way,
E'er ſince the fullen empreſs night,
Affrighted fled before the face of ſmiling day;
To rule, alternate the deſerted pole,
Thro' endleſs years:
And ſkirt the borders of her rival's pow'r
With the dull trappings of her deepeſt ſhade;
Such as pervade
The lurid triumphs of each fable hour.
Sad picture this of the degenerate mind;
The darkſome wild; the intellectual night;
Till the thick gloom is pierc'd by rays divine,
And opens freely, by the gracious aid
Of ſov'reign, univerſal, ſaving light.

Hail, happy year! riſe with benignant ſmile,
With heav'n-born peace and plenty in thy train;
Shed their rich glories o'er Britannia's iſle;
Fill up her lap with the rewards of toil;
All nations favour with thy joyous reign:
With every ſuited treaſure
The ſun or moon ſurveys;
Health, friends, and moral pleaſure,
Soft nights, and cloudleſs days:
Nor let or grief, or blood, thy footſteps ſtain.
Expel the fiends of war,
Chain earth's great robbers to contrition's car;
Their weapons break, their crimſon banners furl:
Chaſe every fear,
Dry every tear,
Bind up each wound,
Diſcord confound,
And tranquillize the univerſal world.

The

The ſeaſons change—ſkill how profound
The varied round
Inſtructive benefits contain:
And, to reflection's eye, in every land,
Harmoniouſly explain,
Exact obedience to the ruling hand
Of Him who guides them as they turn,
And whoſe breath kindled all the ſtars that burn;
Vaulted the ſky,
And ting'd it with cerulean dye,
Richer than Tyria:
Wove its tapeſtry,
And ſpangled with profuſion
The wide extent with gems of pureſt ray.

Aided by Him, meek Luna, queen of night!
Her changing horn fills at the fountain head
With flowing light;
And bold among the ſtars to tread,
Sheds truths that mortals reach;
Which tell them mutability is ſtamp'd on all beneath:
Reviction teach;
Concord, ſpeed, and peace,
Life's progreſs and decreaſe;
And gently whiſpers to the muſing ſoul
To mount the ſky, and onward preſs
To the celeſtial goal.

Life ſprings from death;
Days, months, and years, firſt draw their breath,
When, Phœnix like, their parents die:
Organic forms, howe'er allied,
Float midſt the wreck of nature's tide,
Their place reſign, and other forms ſupply;
From ceaſeleſs change duration flows,
Succeſſive points an age compoſe,
Uphold each ſyſtem, and diſſolve each tie.

The months have completed their ſtage,
The annual circuit is paſt;
And the year, wrinkled over with age,
Has ſilently breath'd out her laſt:
To oblivion's receſs, ſhe is gone to the cave
Where all her progenitors ſleep;
Whoſe black ambient waters eternally lave,
And, as guards, the dark entrance keep.
Remote from our ken ſhe's enſhrin'd,
Where deſpair weeps over her urn;
Her columns are rear'd, and entwin'd
With the ſpoils that from mortals ſhe won.
The orbs that ceaſeleſs wheel,
Wind off the fine-ſpun thread
Of human life; and ſteal
Our earthly joys: and draw us nigh
To the drear realms where mortals lie;
And tell us we, like them, muſt die,
And reſt with laſt year's dead.

How long our thread? Who knows how ſhort?
This year may period life?
Why, then, ſhall colour'd bubbles (cauſe of ſtrife)
Employ one anxious thought?
Awake! and let us count remaining days,
For this NEW YEAR our Maker praiſe:
Adore his name, and to him live;
Bid vain feſtivious mirth be gone;

For

For time, rude, fleeting fugitive,
Impatient of delay, will wait for none.

Swift-wing'd moments always meaſure,
Scenes of ſublunary pleaſure;
O how vapid all we know!
Fondly ſought, tho' charg'd with woe!
Airy trifles! ſource of pains!
Which gilded o'er betrays, and flying leaves
Its captive votaries in chains.
Let us flee ſuch ſnares, and try
To regain our native ſky;
Exerciſe our ſtrength, and tow'r
On the ſpread pinions of each hour;
Seize the reins, and mount the wind,
Leave the clouds and ſtars behind.
Thus minds unfetter'd may ſecurely range,
Live greatly active, and outſtrip the year;
Soar now aloft, and anxious for their change,
Wiſdom's neglected voice, *en-paſſant*, hear:
Delightful ſound!
That charms the ſoul, and draws it hence,
Opens a myſtic providence;
And lifts the new-fledg'd ſoul beyond
The ſphere of hurtful ſenſe.

Potent time, reſiſtleſs grows,
As the roſy hours advance;
And, without the aid of chance,
The proudeſt works of human art o'erthrows:
Year follows year,
In ſwift career,
And as the ſigns which gird the earth appear
The pillars of the earth decay;
Whilſt nature's knell diſtinctly ſounds;
And hoary time, indignant at his bounds,
Will veil the cheerful face of day,
Extinguiſh every ſolar ray,
Tread out the ſtars, and empires rend,
Himſelf and death in ruin blend,
And with the lumber of the world be ſwept away.

Like Sol may we aſcend the lucent road,
And the true ſummit of perfection gain;
May all the noon tide beams, which appertain
To faith and virtue, be on us beſtow'd:
That, as the planets in their deſtin'd courſe,
We may fulfil
Our Author's will;
Being's adorable, all-bounteous ſource!
And gently *ſet*, with a renaſcent hope
Devoid of fear,
Unſhaken, calm, and clear,
'Midſt darting ſplendours, and cherubic hoſts,
In the kind arms of God;
And *riſe*, to reap perennial joys,
Thro' an eternal year.

Plymouth Dock. R. H. S.

TRANSLATION FROM MARTIAL.

WHEN the chaſte Arria drew from out her breaſt
The reeking ſword, ſhe thus her lord addreſs'd:
My wound, dear Pætus, can inflict no ſmart,
'Tis thine, and thine alone, which rends my heart.